

AN
ACCOUNT
Of a strange and wonderful
DREAM.

Dedicated to
Doctor M——d.

— *Medicus, Magus, omnia novit.*
Juv.

The Second Edition.



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THE UNIVERSITY OF

CHICAGO

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OF BUILDINGS

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To the Incomparable

Doctor M—d,



SINCE I have the Honour
of so illustrious a Patron,
and that I have taken the
Liberty to hand these my
Labours into the World un-
der your Protection, I shall not be at all
angry if to many I have afforded Matter
of Satyr and Inveſtve. — They who
have no Smattering of mathematical Know-
ledge, are incompetent Judges of what Ser-
vice you have done towards the Improve-
ment of the Theory or Practice of Medi-
cine * in deſcribing the ſtupendous mi-
litary

A

litary

* Preface to *Essays on Poisons*.

litary Atchievements of *Spiders*. † A Discovery of their Animosity must be of as great Use in the Practice of Physick, as that other which you have made with equal Success, that the *recovering of Health is the BEGINNING of a fresh PERIOD of Life, and the throwing off the SENETUS is the renewing of Age* ||.

You had once thought to have carry'd these Searches farther, but the Humour of Scribbling would not hold out: For the Data from which we argue in these Matters are by MANY too FEW †. And I readily subscribe to your Opinion, that the Volumes on this Subject do many Times contain little more than a Collection of *Vulgar Errors* *; and that all who have treated upon Physical Points besides yourself were *Tinkers, Drapers, Dragoons, Pickpockets, and other Tradesmen*. *

Did I not know how offensive it would be to your Modesty, which is a Quality I find always attending upon Persons of great Worth, I might here take an Opportunity to recommend to the World your

† *Essays on Poisons*, pag. 50.

|| *Ibid.* pag. 4.

† *Ibid* in Preface.

* *Tripe*, pag. 45, & alibi.

your *transcendental* Style, unintelligibly sublime, which is the *Beauty of Rhetoric* *, your excellent Book *de Imperio Solis & Lunæ*, and your wonderful *Essay upon Poisons*; upon which two last Books, for the universal Benefit of Mankind, I am preparing Commentaries, which in a very short Time I intend to publish. I might tell you the *Literati* look for your curious *Lucubrations* upon *Sylphs, Gnomes, Salamanders, Visions, and Dreams*, || by Way of *Appendix* to your *Astrological Performances*; but I am well aware this is too tender a Point, and that you are averse to hear those Praises, which are your just Due.

Your particular Insight into Affairs of this Nature, determin'd me at once to dedicate this Dream to you: From you only I expect an Interpretation of it, who are so well vers'd in the mysterious Counsels of the *Sun and Moon*. By your Judgment, most illustrious Sage, it must stand or fall; and I undervalue the Censure of others, if it's approv'd by you. For I neither want *Applause*, nor fear *Censure*; and therefore be the Fate of these Papers what it will, as they

A 2 were

* *Tripe*, pag. 45.

|| *Essays of Poisons*, pag. 133, 134, &c.

were first penn'd for my own Satisfaction, and innocent Entertainment; so I am resolv'd they shall never ingage me in the Trouble of Quarrels or Disputes. †

But, besides this, I am bound in Gratitude to acknowledge your Favours in the most publick Manner I am able. 'Tis owing to you that I now enjoy a plentiful Fortune. All Obstacles fell before you in an Instant. Yours be the Glory, mine the Advantage.

*Farewell egregious Man and go on * to enlighten Physick by Astrology, to cure Diseases by Poisons, and to publish speedily your Treatise on Close-stols. ||*

† Preface to Poisons.

* Comm. in Hipp. p. 139.

|| Tripe, p. 13.



A N

A C C O U N T

Of a strange and wonderful

D R E A M.



Alling asleep upon my Couch
 t'other Day, I found my self,
 I know not how, convey'd
 into the Middle of a magni-
 ficent City. The first Per-
 son I cast my Eyes on was *Pedro Serra-*
no. What my old Friend, said I, alive?
 And what lucky Accident, reply'd he,
 has

has brought us once more together. After several Questions and Answers on both Sides, with a Detail of his Misfortunes, he at last acquainted me, how to support Nature he was forced to turn Physician. I endeavour'd to be serious, but could not prevent an excessive Fit of Laughter, knowing how unqualify'd he was for such a Profession. He seem'd nettled at this, and would have left me; but finding that he was going to a Meeting of Physicians, I desired Leave to accompany him thither.

We soon arriv'd at the College; when on a sudden a Person stept out of a Chariot in seeming Haste. Who's that, said I? He's a Physician, says *Serrano*, who has done more to depopulate this City than a Pestilence. As soon as the fatal R is wrote, the Patient's as good as dead; no more's to be done but to send for the Attorney, the Parson, the Sexton, and the Undertaker, with the last of whom he goes Snacks. He deals in Nothing but POISONS, and his Prescriptions are more dangerous than the most raging Distemper.

His Name is *Mulso*: He began his Practice with very narrow Circumstances, to amend which he marry'd one of the Godly, who not only brought him

him a good Fortune, but, as an additional Honour, in a few Months dubb'd him a Knight of the illustrious Order of the Horn. Her Lust was insatiate ; no Time nor Place escap'd her: the most noted publick Resorts were conscious of her Guilt, and she usually perform'd those venereal Exercises in *Mulso's* Chariot, she had before repeated in his Bed. She found by Experience that Lust, as well as Love, is a Leveller, and never liked an amorous Combat worse, though engag'd in it with that Person who wiped *Mulso's* Shoes, and drove his Chariot.

It unluckily happen'd, that just as *Mulso* discover'd his Wife's Intrigues, his Effects were seiz'd upon by his Creditors, his Chariot and Horses were sold, and he himself reduc'd to the Estate of a Foot Quack. In this Condition he had continu'd to this Day, had he not been retriev'd from Poverty and Contempt by the Recommendation of a Physician of great Note. Upon this he spruced up, look'd gay, roll'd about in a Chariot, and gave Purges. At this Time he fell ill of the *Scribendi Cacoethes*, and, by the Help of two *Mathematicians* and an *Usher*, was deliver'd of a Book in a learned Language.

His

His Pride's insufferable, he treats all Mankind as his Inferiors. You would scarce give Credit to it, should I tell you, with how much Insolence he used a *Lady* of the first Quality not long since; whose Husband commanded the Legions of this Nation, and to his immortal Honour conquer'd wherever he led them.

As *Serrano* continu'd his Discourse another Person enter'd the Court. Is not that a School-master? said I, for I never saw Mortal wear so Pedantick a Phiz. He was so, reply'd *Pedro*, but is now turn'd Physician: and as he knows that the End of Physick is to get Money, so if he were well paid for sending them out of the World, he did not care if all the Inhabitants of this City were in their Graves.

You saw what a flanting Chariot convey'd him hither; though he starves his Family he'll not be behind any of his Brethren in Equipage. The main Knowledge lies in the Horses, without which he's no more than an Empiric. *Amigo*, continu'd he, is in a prodigious Hurry when he visits a Patient. After feeling the Pulse; Did he, says *Amigo*, rest well last Night? Let the Answer be what it will, he gravely replies, I could have told you that without asking the

the Question. Did he shiver? If they answer, Yes. It's very evident, says he. Did the Fit last long? If they reply, it did. I thought as much, says *Amigo*; it plainly appears. When the Patient's Stomach is lost, he charges him not to overload it with Beef and Bag-Pudding; but allows the moderate Use of Barley-Water and Gruel.

Then he gravely sits down, and writes a Prescription, to make the Patient sicker, that he may be sent for again. If the Patient's weak, and unable to follow Directions, he then shakes his Head, lifts up his Eyes, and Hands, looks dismal, and whispers to the By-standers, 'tis as much as his Life is worth. If the Patient only gradually declines, the whole Artillery of Death is produced; he's blister'd from Top to Toe, cut, fley'd, scarify'd, and carbonado'd in a thousand Ways. If he lives under all these Persecutions, they are repeated 'till he dyes: then tells the Deceased's Friends that he was very irregular, that his Hour was come: and that he had done all that lay within the Art of Physick, which no Person understands so well as himself.

B

If

If by Chance the Patient recovers, which is a very great Chance ; then he expatiates upon the Danger of his Condition, enlarges upon the Difficulty of the Cure, and, in a Cloud of Words, discovers with what Strokes of Skill he master'd the Distemper : that he was restor'd by an *Orvietan*, a Remedy equally applicable to all Cases and Conditions, all Ages, Sexes, and Constitutions, and may either be spread upon Leather, and laid to the Belly for Fits of the Mother, or given internally for the Green Sicknefs.

We now reach'd the Room where the Physicians met. Take a Turn or two here, says *Serrano*, and I'll step in, and return to you immediately. I had walk'd but a few Moments, when a confus'd Rabble enter'd the Court. The Captain of this Mobb, carry'd a Skin of Parchment in his Hand fairly engross'd, from which he gave me Leave to take this Copy.

To the Sublime Mulso, Historiographer to the Republick of Vipers, Spiders, Scolopendras, Scorpions, Bees, Wasps, Tarantulas, Mad Dogs, &c. Secretary to the Stars, and Student in Physick and Astrology: and to the illustrious Don Amigo, Hermetical Knight of the Crucible, and Brother of the Rosy-Crucian Order.

May it please your Worships,

“ **W**E the Confectioners, and Pastry-
 “ Cooks of this City, being high-
 “ ly sensible of the great Advantage we
 “ daily derive from your Writings; both
 “ as they defend the Usefullness of our
 “ Trade, and lessen the Price of Paper,
 “ have unanimously agreed, in this pub-
 “ Manner, to return your Worships our
 “ most sincere Thanks and Acknowledge-
 “ ments. We humbly beg your Wor-
 “ ships to proceed to publish the rest
 “ of your learned Lucubrations, whe-
 “ ther *Letters, Dialogues, or Accounts of*
 “ *the Sicknes and Death of your Patients,*
 “ *as also of what appear'd upon Opening*
 “ *their Bodies:* and we will not only
 “ take whole Editions off the Printer's
 “ Hands, as we have done by your for-

“ mer Works; but do ingage for our
 “ selves, Wives, Children, and Appren-
 “ tices, to disperse them along with Su-
 “ gar Plumbs, Custards, and Mutton-
 “ Pyes.

Sign'd by Multitudes of the Fraternity.

By this Time the Meeting ended; *Serrano* join'd me, and the Members of the Faculty dispers'd as fast as possible. *Mulso* and *Amigo*, coming in their Place, brought up the Rear. We follow'd them close at the Heels. *Mulso* pulling his Handkerchief out of his Pocket, dropt his Table-Book, wherein I found the following Journal, and Letters.

2. “ Put *T——k* into a Salivation con-
 “ trary to all Mens Opinion; but it be-
 “ ing one of my first Tryals, he dy'd in
 “ the Operation. —

3. “ Sent for to *Donna Signora W——n*,
 “ took her Case to be the Colick. Di-
 “ rected my usual Prescription.

4. “ Found by the Midwife that I
 “ mistook *Labour-Pains* for the Colick.
 “ *Memorandum*. Call'd in a Man-Mid-
 “ wife, whom I can depend upon, to say
 “ I did her no Hurt. — Went in the
 “ Afternoon to *Donna Ch——r*. Stopp'd
 “ the

“ the Ulcer in her Leg. In two Days
 “ she dy’d. N. B. Stopping Ulcers a
 “ mortal Symptom. — Her Son not
 “ well: prescrib’d a *gentle Purge*, which
 “ not working, he became convulsed, and
 “ dy’d raving mad.

5. “ Call’d in upon *Amigo* in the Case
 “ of the Small-Pox. The Boy ill of the
 “ Strangury. Apply’d seven Blisters, by
 “ which the *Strangury* increas’d. Whence
 “ I collect, that *Cantbarides* are no Cure
 “ for the *Strangury*. — Purg’d him
 “ for seven Days running. A Mortifi-
 “ cation of his Heel insued. The next
 “ Day purg’d him again. Of which * *

* * * * *

15. “ Call’d from Dinner to *Donna*
 “ *Kn——t* in a Vomiting and Loose-
 “ ness. Stopp’d them. Saw no Danger,
 “ which I declar’d. Contrary to my
 “ Expectations, Dead next Morning at
 “ Three. N. B. Death a certain Cure
 “ for a *Cholera Morbus*.

16. “ Sent for to consult with *Amigo*
 “ in the Case of *Donna Cl—k* Lunatick.
 “ I took my Oath she was mad, because
 “ she held me by Force. Pox on her
 “ Advocate. — Never consult with
 “ him more. This

* *Hiatus in MSS. valde deflendus.*

“ ——— This Day unfortunate. I
 “ and my two Servants fought a *Coster-*
 “ *monger*. A tough old Rogue ; he held
 “ us tuck a great While. Beat him fe-
 “ verely. ——— Encounters with *Coster-*
 “ *mongers* more dangerous than with
 “ *Booksellers*.

17. “ ’Rose by Nine. Intended to say
 “ my Prayers. Forgot them. ——— Plate,
 “ Books, and Pictures set out to the
 “ best Advantage. My L——d did not
 “ dine with me according to Promise.
 “ I’ll invite him no more. Value a
 “ L——d no more than a Rat-catcher.

18. “ *Signor F—— W——ndb——m* in
 “ the Small-Pox. Directed Bleeding. He
 “ dy’d instantly.

19. “ *Signora W——lgr——ve* in the Small-
 “ Pox. Prescribed a *gentle Purge*. She
 “ dy’d twelve Hours after. Have had
 “ the same Success with thirty running.
 “ Try ten more. If without Success,
 “ leave off the Method.

I have enough of this, quoth *Serrano*,
 let’s see what else the Pocket-Book af-
 fords. Searching farther I found these
 Letters.

LETTER I.

“ I Herewith send you, my dear Friend,
 “ a Book wrote by a *Professor* in our
 “ Faculty. I always hated the Author;
 “ but, as he reflects upon our Method
 “ of Cure, I have now a double Aver-
 “ sion to him. It must be answer’d. I
 “ desire you to undertake this Task. And
 “ have sent you the following Rules to
 “ guide you in managing the Contro-
 “ versy.

I. “ ’Tis not necessary even to men-
 “ tion the Subject of the Controversy.

II. As the Book is unanswerable,
 “ nibble at the Style, and cavil with
 “ Words.

III. “ Write a great deal ; the less to
 “ the Purpose the better.

IV. “ Misrepresent every Thing that
 “ may turn to his Advantage.

V. “ Lay on a swinging Load of scan-
 “ dalous Reflections.

VI. “ Have no Regard to Truth.

“ I only send you these as Hints.
 “ Whatever you write I’ll take Care to
 “ disperse, tho’ I send my Footman to
 “ protect the Hawkers.

To Amigo.

“ Yours,

“ *Mulso.*

LET-

LETTER II.

“ **Y**OUR incomparable Letter, most
 “ friendly and learned Sir, came
 “ safe to my Hands. I admire your
 “ Method of exposing the *Professor*, un-
 “ der the ignominious Name of the most
 “ contemptible Quack in Town. As we
 “ have Nothing to oppose to what he
 “ advances, let the Subject drop, as a
 “ *Chimera* not worth answering ; but, as
 “ he discovers the Mistakes of our Pra-
 “ ctice to the Vulgar, so you do very
 “ well to expose him to the last De-
 “ gree. I have Agents in every Corner
 “ to pick up Scandal ; but, I depend
 “ most upon you, knowing that the
 “ Fertility of your Invention, is able
 “ to supply all Defects of Intelligence.
 “ I have something in the Press, under
 “ a supposititious Name, from *Therma*,
 “ which will blacken him sufficiently.
 “ Let him wipe it off if he can. His
 “ Character must be ruin’d, or our Pra-
 “ ctice is lost. Stick at Nothing, and
 “ the Business is done.

“ I am yours,

To Amigo.

“ *Mulso.*

LET-

LETTER III.

Permit me, most illustrious Friend,
 to be forc'd into your Opinions
 by the Weight of your Authority.
 'Tis necessary to write down the *Pro-*
fessor's Character, which I think you
 have done effectually. As an *Appen-*
dix to what's done by you, I am rea-
 dy to publish *An Account of his Sick-*
ness and Death; and, though every Bo-
 dy will not readily run into the Con-
 ceit, we shall find no more Difficulty
 to prove it, than the Madness of one
 of our former Patients. To this I have
 subjoin'd a *Dissection* of him, as an
 Instance of the Fact, and have com-
 par'd him to a *Fool*, a *Child*, a *Calf*,
 and a *Monkey*. According to your Ad-
 vice I keep clear of the Controversy.
 That's none of our Business. If we
 write him out of the Opinion of the
 Town, I desire no more.

" I am

To Mulso.

" Yours,

" *Amigo.*

Forbear, says *Serrano*, and let's defer
 the rest 'till another Opportunity. Upon
 which I turn'd to the End of the Book

at one Dash, where meeting with some thing wrote in more Order, I desir'd Leave to proceed. I prov'd a Medley of several new Inventions of *Mulso's*.

“ A new and excellent Engine to keep
 “ lewd Wives at Home, when Abroad
 “ or an excellent Method to preserve
 “ Chastity against the Inclination of any
 “ Person, far exceeding any former Con-
 “ trivance of this Nature. Very useful
 “ for Husbands, Fathers, &c. It's easily
 “ adapted to all Sizes, being contriv'd
 “ with a Sphincter to be open'd or con-
 “ tracted according to the various Dimen-
 “ sions of feminine * * * * *

“ A Discourse upon mechanical Scrib-
 “ bling: wherein a Method is propos'd
 “ how to become an Author without
 “ writing a Line: The whole being a
 “ compleat Account of the Art of Writ-
 “ ting by Proxy.

“ An Universal Pickle; to preserve
 “ Maidenheads, or restore lost ones;
 “ very necessary for all that love to be
 “ merry and wise.

Leave off, says *Serrano*, for I must
 call upon the very Person to whom
 these

these Trifles belong, and if you'll be one of his Club, and follow his Directions, I doubt not but to bring you into his good Graces.

We took Coach, and soon reach'd the Place. Walking up Stairs into a large Room, which was fill'd with Company, we found *Mulso* at the Head of a Table, and next him *Amigo*. They deliver'd their Oracles to the Standers by; rail'd mightily against a Professor of the Faculty, and alternately complemented each other upon their Learning, Wisdom, Knowledge, Integrity, and great Skill in Physick. The Patients came in Shoals, and, by an odd Sort of Chymistry, Ink and Paper were converted into Gold.

While every Thing went thus merrily on, one of the Company discover'd *Mulso's* Wife, like a Priestess of *Bacchus*, supported by two nocturnal Officers of the Constablean Fraternity. *Mulso* rose up a-ghast at the Discovery. His Cloaths were immediately turn'd into a Covering of Hair. He retain'd the same Broadness in his Front; from whence besprang two Horns of very large Extent. His Neck lengthen'd; his Arms were converted into Legs. In fine, he became a compleat Ox, excepting that the

Tail, as heretofore, was still wanting. Thrice he attempted to speak, and thrice he bellow'd, without uttering human Voice.

Amigo at the same Time underwent as great a Change. He was converted into something very different from the Shape of a Man, and yet retain'd some Resemblance to it. The Parts of his Body shrunk, his Nose grew flat, and came down to his Mouth. His Face shrivell'd, and the Skin, when cover'd with Hair, retain'd it's former dirty yellow Hue. His Tongue was as voluble as ever, but was confin'd to one chattering Note.

He immediately jump'd upon the Table, and began to play his Monkey Tricks. The whole Assembly in a Frigh made out of the Room skreaming. The Noise of which awaken'd me.

F I N I S.